

A
P O E M
ON THE
S O U T H - S E A.

By Mr. ALEXANDER RAMSAY.

To which is Prefix'd,
A Familiar EPISTLE to
Anthony Hammond Esq;
By a FRIEND.



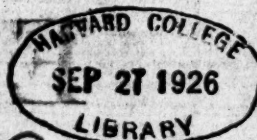
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SOUTH-2-A

By Mr. ALEXANDER RAMSAY.

To which is added

A Familiar EPISTLE to
Anthony Hammond Esq;
By a FRIEND.



L O N D O N :

Printed for T. J. B. at the ...

(Price Six Pence)



A N
E P I S T L E

T O
Anthony Hammond Esq;

With the following P O E M.

By a FRIEND.



F, HAMMOND, I know who, and
what you are,

You want no Praises, and no Censure
fear ;

To such a Character I safely send

These Lays, secure of Fame, if you commend.

A

YET

YET as you teach, you willingly will hear,
 And to *Trans-Twedal* Muses lend an Ear;
 In native Words, where easy Numbers roll,
 Brighter like *Stars*, as nearer to the *Pole*.
 See then ! how Nature and how Genius reigns,
 As well on *Scotia's* as *Arcadia's* Plains ;
 While blithsome *Allan* bids the *Dryads* flock
 From Woods to Town, and sign to *South-Sea*
Stock.
 Great *South-Sea Stock* ! O *Allan* ! we must part,
 That very Name has stole away my Heart.

YOU see, dear Sir, how soon I am betray'd,
 And yet from hence some Inference may be
 made,

As

As said a puzzled Priest (but not in Rhyme)
And then deferr'd it to another Time.

SO will not I, and if I could pursue,
Or answer half my pre-proportion'd View,
" I'd paint a *King*, by former Monarchs press'd,
" A sinking People, and a Land distress'd;
" A Chaos Debt, that roll'd without Repose,
" But when he spoke, a new *Creation* rose."

THUS far I try'd, but Numbers are in vain
To raise a HENRY's, or a GEORGE's Reign.

WHO could conceive such Tides of Wealth
to roll,

Till ~~Blot~~ refin'd the Scheme that H—y stole?
A 2 Where

Where none repine, where ev'ry Burden's eas'd,
And e'en the Envious dare not seem displeas'd.

SEE there how each successful in his Gain,
Imputes the Project to his own dear Brain;
The Publick Good within his Circle draws,
And looks with Scorn on *Fellows* and on *Hawes*:
None leave the Mart, retaining still their Store;
Bid them retreat, they think they merit more.

FEW, very few, for nobler Ends design'd,
Have on the sordid Use of Wealth refin'd,
Court'd by Fortune, wisely they carest
The happy Minute, to make others blest;

Mourning

Mourning to see the lavish Bounty thrown

On *Alley-Scouts* and *Stock-Jobbers* alone,

They took the wayward Goddess in the Mood,

And condescended to be *richly good*.

THESE we have seen, these, HAMMOND,
we commend,

Who know the Value of a wanting Friend :

In such a Harvest gen'rous Spirits reap

Intrinsic Worth, and purchase Virtue cheap.

Such may *Knight* find, who gathers but to give,

And *Pack* and *Goode* into their Souls receive :

Such virtuous *Campbell* fasten to his Breast ;

None know the Price of Merit, but the Best.

THUS

THUS, HAMMOND, in a loose unpolish'd
Strain,

I recommend the *Scottish* Muse's Vein;

Unapt to flatter, and in Wealth untry'd,

In this strange Journey I but act the *Guide*;

And, like a *Guide*, may make the Country
known,

And yet not boast one *Line* of my own.



THUS

W E A L T H :

O R,

The W O O D Y.

Illi robur & as triplex

Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci

Commisit pelago ratem

Primus——

HOR.

Daring and unco' stout he was,
With Heart hool'd in three Sloughs of Brass,
Wha ventur'd first upon the Sea
With Hempen Branks, and Horse of Tree.

By Mr. ALEXANDER RAMSAY.

Printed at *Edinburgh*, and Reprinted at *London*. 1720.

W E A L T H :

O R,

The W O O D K.

His return to his native

Given before him, and his

Commons: before him

Hor.

Daring and unco, from he was

With Heart blood in three sloughs of Dials

Who ventur'd first upon the Sea

With Hempen Branks, and Horse of Tree.

By Mr. ALEXANDER RAMSAY.

Printed at Edinburgh, and Reprinted at London. 1740.

(II)



WEALTH:

OR,

The WOODY.



HALIA, ever welcome to this Isle,

Descend, and glad the Nation with
a Smile;

See frae yon Bank, where *South-Sea* ebbs and
flows,

How Sand-blind Chance *Woodies* and *Wealth*
bestows:

B

Aided

Aided by thee I'll sail the wond'rous Deep,
 And throw the crouded Alleys cautious creep.
 Ventorious Task to plough the swelling Wave,
 Or in Stockjobbing press my Guts to save;
 But naething can our wilder Passions tame,
 Wha rax for Riches or immortal Fame.

LONG had the Grumblers us'd this mur-
 m'ring Sound,

Poor Britain in her Publick Debt is drown'd!

At fifty Millions late we started a',

And wow we wonder'd how the Debt wad fa',
 But sonfy Sauls wha first contriv'd the Way,

With Project deep our Charges to defray;

O'er

O'er and aboon it Heaps of Treasure brings,

That Foul be gueses become as rich as Kings.

Lang Heads they were that first laid down
the Plan,

Into the which the Round anes headlang ran,

Till overstockt they quat the Sea, and fain
wa'd be at Land.

Thus when braid Flakes of Snaw have clad the
Green,

Aften I have young sportive Gilpies seen,

The waxing Ba' with meikle Pleasure tow,

Till past their Pith, it did unwieldy grow

'TIS strange to think what Changes may
appear

Within the narrow Circle of a Year;

How can a Project, if it be well laid,
 Supply the simple Want of trifling Trade!
 Sixty lang Years a Man may rack his Brain,
 Hunt after Gear baith Night and Day wi'
 Pain,
 And die at last in Debt instead of Gain,
 But O *South-Sea*! what mortal Mind can run
 Throw a' the Miracles that thou hast done?
 Nor scrimply thou thy sell to Bounds confines,
 But, like the Sun, on ilka Party shines;
 To Poor and Rich, the Fools as well as Wise,
 With Hand impartial stretches out the Prize.

LIKE *Nils* swelling frae his unkend Head,
 Frae Bank to Brae o'erflows ilk Rig and Mead,

Instilling

Instilling lib'ral Store of genial Sap,

Whence Sun-burn'd Gypsies reap a plenteous
Crap ;

Thus flows our Sea, but with this Diff'rence
wide,

But anes a Year their River heaves his Tide ;

Ours aft ilk Day, t' enrich the Common-Weall,

Bangs o'er its Banks, and dings *Egyptian Nile*.

Y E Rich and Wise, we own Success your
Due,

But your Reverse their Luck with Wonder view.

How without thought these dawted Petts of Fate

Have jobb'd themselfs into sae high a State,

By

By pure Instinct sae leal the Mark have hin,

Without the use of either Fear or Wit.

And ithers wha last Year their Garrets kept,

Where Duns in Vision fash'd them while they
slept,

Wha only durst in Twilight or the Dark

Steal to a common Cook's with haff a Mark,

A' their hale Stock. — Now by a canny Gale,

In th' o'erflowing Ocean spread their Sail;

While they in gilded Galleys cut the Tide,

Look down on Filher-Boats wi' meikle Pride.

MEAN time, the Thinkers wha are out of
Play,

For their ain Comfort kenna what to say;

That

That the Foundation's loose fain wa'd they shaw,
 And think na but the Fabrick soon will fa;
 That's a' but Sham—for inwardly they fry,
 Vext that their Fingers were na in the Pye.
 Faint-hearted Wights, wha dully stood afar,
 Tholling your Reason great Attempts to marr;
 While the brave Dauntless, of sic Fetters free,
 Jumpt headlong glorious in the Golden Sea;
 Where now like Gods they rule each wealthy
 Jaw,
 While you may thump your Pows against the
 Wa.

ON Summer's E'en the Welkin cawm and
 fair,

When little Midges frisk in lazy Air,

Have

Have you not seen thro' ither how they reel,
 And Time about how up and down they wheel?
 Thus Eddies of Stockjobbers drive about;
 Upmost to Day, the Morn their Pipe's put out.
 With pensive Face, whene'er the Marker's hy,
Menutius cries, Ah! what a Gowk was I!
 Some Friend of his, wha wisely seems to ken
 Events of Causes mair than ither Men,
 Push for your Interest yet, Nae Fear, he crys,
 For *South-Sea* will to twice ten hunder rise.
 Waes me for him that fells paternal Land,

And buys when Shares the highest Sums de-
 mand:

He

He ne'er shall taste the Sweets of rising Stock,
Which faws neist Day: nae Help for't, he is
broke.

DEAR Sea, be renty how thou' Hows at
Shams
Of Hogland Gadrens in their froggy Dams,
Left in their muddy Bogs thou chance to sink,
Where thou may'ft stagnate, syne of Course
maun stink.

THIS I foresee (and Time shall prove I'm
right ;

For he's nae Poet wants the second Sight)

When Autumn's Stores are ruck'd up in the Yard,
And Sleet and Snaw dreeps down could Win-
ter's Beard ;

C

When

When bleak *November* Winds make Forests bare,
 And with splenetick Vapours fill the Air :
 Then, then in Gardens, Parks, or silent Glen,
 When Trees bear naithing else, they'll carry
 Men,
 Wha shall like paughty *Romans* greatly twing
 Aboon Earth's Disappointments in a String.
 Sae ends the tow ring Sain that down a lee
 A Man move in a higher Sphere than he.

HAPPY that Man, wha has thravn up a
 Man,
 Which makes some Hundred Thousands a'
 his ain,
 And comes to Anchor on sae firm a Rock,
 Bliss, Credit, and the *South-Sea* Stock,
 Wishes
 Ilk

Imperial Gowd, what is't thou canna grant?
 k blythsome Pleasure waits upon his Nod,
 Poss'd of thee, what is't a Man needs want?
 and his Dependents eye him as a God.
 Commanding Coin, there's naething hard to thee
 Closs may he bend *Champaign* frae E'en to Morn,
 I canna guess how rich thou come to die.
 And look on Cells of Tippony with Scorn:

Thrice lucky Pimps, or smug-fac'd wanton Fair,
 - *UNHAPPY Wretch, link'd to the three-*
 That can in a' his Wealth and Pleasures skair.

Like *fove* he sits, like *you*, high *Heaven's*
 Goodman,

Desin'd to roll thro' Labyrinths of Verse,
 While the inferior Gods about him stand,
 Dast' speak of great Stockpiling as a Fance?
 Till he permits, with condescending Grace,
 Poor thoughtless Mortal, vain of airy Dreams,
 That ilka ane in Order take their Place,

Thy flying Horse, and bright *Apollo's* beams,
 Thus with attentive Look mensfow they sit,
 And Helicon's wells Well thou ca'st Divine,
 Till he speak first, and shaw some shining Wit;
 Are nathing like a Mistress' Coach, and Wine,
 Syne circling wheels the flattering Gaffaw,

As well they may; he gars their Beards wag a'.

Imperial Gowd, what is't thou canna grant?

Possess'd of thee, what is't a Man needs want?

Commanding Coin, there's naithing hard to thee:

I canna guess how rich Fouk come to die,

UNHAPPY Wretch, link'd to the threed-

bare Nine,

The dazling Equipage can ne'er be thine:

Destin'd to toil thro Labyrinths of Verse,

Dar'st speak of great Stockjobbing as a Farce?

Poor thoughtless Mortal, vain of airy Dreams,

Thy flying Horse, and bright *Apollo's* Beams,

And *Helicon's* werth Well thou ca'st Divine,

Are naithing like a Mistress, Coach, and Wine,

WAD

WAD some good Patron ~~Whose~~ superior
Skill,

Can make the *South-Sea* ebb and flow at will,

Put in a Stock for me, I own it fair,

In Epick Strain I'd pay him to a Hair;

Immortalize him; and what'er he loves,

In flowing Numbers I shall sing, *Approves*;

If not, Fox like, I'd throw my Gab and Gloom,

And ca' your Hundred Thousand a *four Plum*.

A. RAMSAY.



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